

A Program for Tomorrow

Several of this city's numerous commissions and citizens' advisory groups presently are studying and analyzing a \$29 million, six-year capital improvements program preparatory to making recommendations to the City Council.

The six-year program, submitted to the council several weeks ago, was designed by City Manager Edward J. Ferraro, Finance Director William Dundore, and other city officials to provide several facilities and improvements long needed in the city.

The plan calls for a \$12 million general obligation bond issue—to be submitted to voters in April, 1966, if the program is adopted. A leasing system for some of the major facilities, airport revenue bonds, and general revenues would account for the remainder of the \$29 million. As it now stands, the program does not call for any general increase in property taxes.

The City Council has approved the initial phase of the plan—at least in principle—and asked its committees, advisory commissions, and citizens' groups to take a careful look at the entire program.

Among the projects included in the program are a new civic auditorium, a major regional library, an 18-hole municipal golf course, additions to the city's police and fire facilities, a regional park, and improvements at all of the city's neighborhood parks.

Numerous traffic signals, storm drains, and street projects also are included in the budget.

Many of these improvements clearly are needed. Some, in fact, are long overdue. Others, we admit, are classed as conveniences or luxuries which only will enhance the city's general growth and development.

Only through such a plan can the city hope to acquire many of these much-needed facilities. The city manager's office has worked many long hours to design a program which meets the needs of the city.

This newspaper believes the program deserves careful and considered attention.

Emotional Hogwash

A great deal of emotional hogwash has been brewed by liberals in their efforts to nourish spending programs for public housing and urban renewal. Comes now a professor from that incubator of liberalism, Harvard University, to throw a little cold water into the pot.

Asserting that most of the troubles faced by urban centers are "people" problems, not housing problems, Professor James Q. Wilson points out that despite huge spending, only 6,000 housing units in the entire United States were rehabilitated by federal funds in the decade of the 50s. A Columbia University survey further indicates that from 1949 through 1962, urban renewal destroyed 126,000 homes and built 32,000. Current programs will displace 1,400,000 persons, 57 per cent of them in minority groups.

Professor Wilson does not condemn all urban renewal. He simply believes it is silly to persist in costly projects that are irrelevant or actually damaging. Especially does he protest "persistence in failure;" persistence in "never killing, curtailing or changing a program that has not proved useful, but simply adding onto it a new program in hopes that it will take up the slack."

Which, as the Wall Street Journal observes, pretty well describes president Johnson's housing message.

OTHERS SAY

The 25th Amendment

In the current controversy over reapportionment of State Legislatures, as a result of recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions, no more factual presentation of the issues involved has appeared in print than an article in the current issue of Reader's Digest, entitled "Reapportionment: Shall the Court or the People Decide?"

The Digest article's conclusion is an editorial in itself:

"Only one recourse is left to American citizens who wish to restore our representative system to its original integrity: an amendment to the United States Constitution. Today in Congress, and in the states, forces are gathering behind proposals that would:

"1. Guarantee the citizens of every state the right to decide for themselves, by one-man-one-vote ballot, the apportionment of their own legislature.

"2. Guarantee that this power will not be curtailed or reviewed by any federal court.

"3. Guarantee that one house of each legislature can reflect factors other than population if such apportionment has been submitted to a vote of the people.

"This in essence would be the 25th Amendment to the Constitution. Whether it is passed in Congress and ratified by the states will depend upon the support it receives from the American people. The stakes are high—as high as the preservation of our Republic."
—California Feature Service.

"Chief Judge Charles Desmond of the New York Court of Appeals, highest court in that state, told the Senate Judiciary Committee that juries should be eliminated. . . . More courts and judges would help expedite litigation. Desmond's suggestion might do so even faster. But without juries, we take a fateful step in a direction which could lead to just the opposite of our right to trial by jury."
—Ticonderoga (N.Y.) Sentinel.

"Following an election, most voters soon forget promises made by the winning candidates but not nearly so soon as the winners do."
—Williams (Ariz.) News.



Hero-Or Villian?

ROYCE BRIER

Escalation Poses Threat To Vietnam Negotiations

It appears the United States is officially in a state of war with the Viet Cong guerrillas on the South Vietnamese frontier.

This is not unprecedented in our history. Off and on for decades we have been in petty war with irregular military forces which menaced, or seemed to menace, our interests. Some part of our western Indian wars was in that category.

What is somewhat new, or at least noteworthy, is that we have taken a further step in what may seem as a step-by-step conflict pattern. Our new activity went on for a week before it was publicized. We began air strikes against the guerrilla centers, employing jet bombers instead of the smaller and slower piston planes in use. There is tacit admission in Washington that the jets are exclusively manned by American personnel.

They are thus instruments of our combat capacity and you may be sure there is nothing to match them out there.

Technically, American forces around Saigon (built to 24,000 now) have been advisors to the South Vietnamese government at its invitation. We "instructed" the Vietnamese ground and air forces, and flew "training missions" with them.

The only modification of our advisory status was that our personnel could not respond if attacked. All this of course became increasingly fiction, but it was a fiction steadfastly maintained in Washington.

The fiction is now abandoned. It may not materially change the combat situation, but it effects a sharp change in our moral and political status on the Asian continent.

So the war may not be

escalated much, as the jargon goes, but the problem of those seeking a truce formula comprise a large segment of the civilized world, excepting Red China and the United States.

Red China poses as a truce condition withdrawal of American forces from South Vietnam. The United States poses as a condition cessation of Viet Cong attacks in South Vietnam. Outwardly and at the moment, these conditions appear irreconcilable.

The Washington Administration has one dubious argument in the stalemate. That is that intent to disengage, or even to negotiate, will destroy the morale of the South Vietnamese.

But this morale is now at such a low ebb that any impairment seems academic.

We live from day to day in the Vietnam morass, not knowing what will happen tomorrow. Rest assured, something will.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Peking-Paris Motor Races Is Prince Against Pauper

"Is there anyone who will undertake to travel this summer from Paris to Peking by automobile?" The newspaper Le Martin asked this absurd question one morning in January, 1907.

This was the "golden age" of automotive sport especially in France. Audacious competition was the rage—Paris-Bordeaux, or racing around the shores of the Mediterranean. It almost eclipsed the bicycling Tour de France.

Yes, there were those who would undertake to drive across Europe and Asia. By the tenth of June, 1907, five cars and their teams were poised at Peking, capital of the Celestial Empire (the route had been switched to avoid the Asian rainy season). They were

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

He made thee to hear his voice, that he might instruct thee.—(Deut. 4:26).

One of God's greatest gifts is the conscience He has instilled in all of us. Acting like a warning bell this conscience tells us when we are about to do something that will cause harm to us or to others. We should heed it at all times.

ready and willing to attempt the impossible.

In an age of Central Asia transport still geared to the camel caravan, the impossible meant driving an automobile across narrow, boulder-strewn mountain passes, the Gobi Desert, Siberian tundra. It meant navigating (rather than driving) toward such fabled points as Tomsk, Omsk, Kansk and Kazan. Most of these were barred to any reasonable transport by mountain gorges, vast rivers, lakes of quicksand. And at some points bands of marauding cutthroats that had never escaped the Middle Ages.

Four machines achieved the impossible by reaching Western Europe within two months. An account of this grand adventure from the annals of motoring is presented by the British writer Allen Andrews in "The Mad Motorists: The Great Peking-Paris Race of '07." It is narrated with wit, perception and sincere admiration for the daring participants. The book is a glorious romp, and certainly a must for connoisseurs of present day automotive competition. For just about anybody it seems to be the best adventure entertainment since the movie version of "Around the World in 80 Days" which, in its

marvelous absurdity, it often resembles.

Winner of the race was the haughty, rich scion of the ancient Italian house, Prince Scipione Borghese, who planned his expedition with the precision of a military operation. He reached Paris in triumph aboard a 40-horsepower, four-cylinder Italia. Second to arrive was the charming penniless adventurer Charles Godard, driving a 15-horsepower, four cylinder Dutch Spyker.

Auguste Pons, in a one-cylinder Contal Tri-Car, had to abandon his machine in the Gobi Desert and was saved by a band of nomads. Two French 10-HP, two-cylinder Dion-Boutonnets did well enough, but were also rans.

SACRAMENTO REPORT

Study Group Might Find Key to Life's Mysteries

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL

Assemblyman, 46th District
An Assembly Bill appropriating money to pay the expenses of a commission to study the problems of working women in California is making some progress. It is called an Assembly Bill because the gentleman who introduced it is a member of the Assembly, sometimes called the "lower house of the Legislature." Why those of us who are members of the Assembly are regarded as being in a lower house is something I never could understand.

Architecturally speaking, the California State Assembly and the California State Senate are on the same floor of the Capitol, hence on the same level. Although the public speaks of the two "houses," there is no house and there is no home in the Capitol.

Returning to the commission to study the problems of working women in California, any bill which includes an appropriation must pass through the Ways and Means Committee of the Assembly; pass through the Senate; pass through a Senate committee which considers the merits of the bill without reference to cost; and then pass through the Senate Finance Committee which is equivalent to the Assembly Committee on Ways and Means.

If the bill is still alive and moving, it goes to the floor of the Senate. If the bill survives the Senate, it goes to the Governor. If the Governor signs the bill, it is then filed with the Secretary of State for California. Then it is no longer a bill, but becomes an "Act," which means the same thing as a law, or a statute.

These boring and petty details are reported to you because many very intelligent and well educated citizens of California, including lawyers, become confused by the terminology of California legislation. It saves me time, energy, and postage stamps if the voters of California, especially attorneys-at-law, gain a somewhat clear conception of the argot, jargon, or mumbo-jumbo used in describing what is happening to the taxpayers.

The males who read this family journal expect to find logic in government or at least get a hunch. Women are content with intuition, whatever that may be. This is not a criticism. If I had feminine intuition, I would bet on horses.

Being what the more ardent supporters of the suffragette movement once called "a mere male," I learned long ago that there are only two ways to win in a gambling enterprise. No, it is not necessary to send 25 cents in stamps to get the answer. Here it is, free:

There are only two methods of winning. These are: (1) Own the gambling joint; or (2) Stay away from all gambling joints. If you want to get rid of our depreciated currency, give it to your church, temple, or favorite charity. If you follow this plan, your side will have 50 per cent fewer cavities, regardless of what you use to brush your teeth.

All toothpaste is only soap. This is true whether or not you brush your teeth with soap recommended by the American Dental Society. If you do not believe me, ask your favorite Doctor of Dental Science (dentist).

Assuming that the bill to establish and finance a commission for the study of the problems of working women in California becomes an act, statute, or law, it will be very interesting to watch the work of that commission. If the commission comes into existence, I hope that the Governor appoints only women to serve on the commission because, if he does that, perhaps we can learn not only the problems of working women, but also the problems of women in general.

One of the ladies who

hopes to be appointed to the commission told me in front of two witnesses that she thinks the commission "can come up with some solutions to the problems of women."

I am looking forward to those solutions. Even if they are few in number, they will partially unveil some of the mysteries of life. Let us hope that all the mysteries of life are not uncovered

by the commission because then our world will become very dull.

A wedding song which was popular when I was beginning to wear long pants went something like this:

"Ah, sweet mystery of life!
"Love, and love alone, can rule the world!"
Perhaps the commission, after due deliberation, will find some merit in the words of that wedding song.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

She Needs It, He's Got It

SCENE: If you think in cliches, as most of us do, you've probably got a low opinion of young fellers who wear their hair too long and dress in leather jacket, too-tight pants and pointy, high-heeled shoes. Just such a type was standing at a local Blood Bank the other day, after a call went out to help a schoolgirl critically burned in a crash. Her teacher, standing in front of the "punk," asked him: "Why are you here?" Reply: "The girl who got burned." Teacher: "You know her?" Answer: "Uh-uh." Teacher: "Then why are you giving her your blood?" The shrugged response: "She needs it, I got it."

LA TRIVIATA: At the Matador, Joe Bushkin has been hollering so angrily about the piano (a Japanese job) that it has been replaced by a nine-foot Baldwin, leading us back 30 years to the joke about Joe: "He may have a lot of hair, but his piano is a Baldwin" (please, not while I'm eating) . . . I like the new "Healthy Martinis," a drop of liquid vitamin B-1 instead of vermouth. (I worry, incidentally, about the mfrs. of vermouth, Tabasco and Worcestershire; you buy one bottle and it lasts you a lifetime, so how do they come out?) . . . George Malley, the ex-USF football coach, inviting a friend to visit the bar he now owns in San Mateo: "We got all kinds of people—you might even see Bing Crosby." Friend: "Crosby comes in?" George: "No, but he might."

HEADED FOR HOME, ruminating on the words of Nelson Algren: "Before you earn the right to rap any sort of joint, you have to love it a little while." A pale moon was floating over Nob Hill, and the joint looked good enough to love quite a bit longer.

CROSSED THE STREET to the Hilton, whose antiseptic lobby, with its escalators and shops, still looks like a rather nice airport. Ran into George Shearing, the famous blind pianist, with his famous Guide Dog, Lee (everybody's famous in this column). "I was upstairs in my room just now," he said, "and Harrison Alpert paid me a visit. You know Harrison. He's blind, too. Went to Guide Dog School with me. Well, he wanted to use the facilities. So I led him into the bathroom and turned on the light. That was silly, wasn't it?"

CARY GRANT stopped traffic in North Beach the other night—without even getting out of his car. At the crazy-mad corner of Kearny and Broadway, the radiator of his car blew up and the horns began blowing for blocks around ("Come on, MOVE it, ya jerk!") Mr. Grant, accompanied by his steady girl, Actress Dyan Cannon, got out and apologized to everybody in sight, after which they managed to roll the car down the hill to a service station (where he was mobbed by fans, of course). Next night, Mr. Grant and Miss Cannon dined at Johnny Kan's, where they wolfed their way through 15 courses of sensational Oriental delicacies, betimes holding hands and making goo-goo eyes at each other. At about 11 p.m., they were to be seen trudging up Nob Hill to their digs at the Huntington, a handsome pair indeed. Being old, fat and mean myself, I'm pleased to report that Mr. Grant, who's 61, no longer looks 37. He looks about 42. And eats like a horse. (Admiring footnotes: He's uncommonly kind to those who ask him for autographs. And he still answers to the name of Archibald Alexander Leach, the name his mother stuck him with at birth.)

Morning Report:

Well, it finally looks as if those of us who live in the cities are about to get ours. President Johnson wants a Department of Urban Development.

Naturally, like all Government offices, it plans to start modestly—a hundred million dollars here and a hundred million there. After all, the Department of Agriculture has taken more than a hundred years to get over the \$7-billion-a-year mark.

The new department hopes to help build houses, roads, schools and parks. While the big job of the older agency is how to stop growing excess crops. With that basic difference, we city slickers should catch those farm slickers in no time at all.

Abe Mellinkoff